

Moon Dancer's Gift

by Raberba girl

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Kingdom Hearts
Genre: Friendship
Language: English
Characters: Axel, Hiccup, SaÃ¬x, Toothless
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2014-08-05 06:57:08
Updated: 2014-08-05 06:57:08
Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:23:49
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 9,941
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Roxas & Xion decide that they need dragons of their own. Flame Dancer is all for it; the only problem is that his other half loathes humans. For AkuSaiRokuShi Day 2014.

Moon Dancer's Gift

Moon Dancer's Gift

>(rough draft)
A Kingdom Hearts / How to Train Your Dragon crossover fanfic by Raberba girl

For Axel/SaÃ¬x/Roxas/Xion Day, 4 August 2014

Summary: Roxas & Xion decide that they need dragons of their own. Flame Dancer is all for it; the only problem is that his other half loathes humans. For AkuSaiRokuShi Day 2014.

****Part 1****

****A/N:** This story makes more sense if you've read my other "How to Train Your Dragon" and "Kingdom Hearts" fanfiction, particularly my ****_**Dragon Queen of Berk**_**** and **AkuSaiRokuShi** stories.******

****For those of you who don't know me, I ship Hiccup/Toothless ****platonic****.****

****Backstory** is that Sora, whose name in this universe is Skyheart (because I was wasting too much time trying to research better names and ****_**could not find anything useful**_****), is a Viking of Berk, though a bit younger than Hiccup's generation; he lives with his widowed mother, Gemshard (best Viking version of "Sapphique" I could come up with...) and is partnered with a dragon named Silverdawn (Riku). At some point, he rescued five-year-old Roxas and four-year-old Xion (who are half-siblings and foreigners) from a shipwreck, of which they were the only survivors, and ended up taking them in. This story takes place three years later (four years after

the end of the war); Roxas is 8 and Xion is 7; Sora/Skyheart is 14.
(Hiccup is 19.)**

o.o.o

Xion was shaking when she woke up, suffering from pain and fear but unable to remember why for a minute. It was so dark that she couldn't see a thing, and her left leg throbbed with pain, but she felt someone holding her and could hear Roxas's voice. He was crying a little, but he was calling for her, and she finally managed to squeeze her fingers around his arm and gasp out, "I...I'm...here...Roxas..." It was hard to talk. It felt like there was sand in her mouth, and she was still shaking.

"Xion, are you okay? Xion?"

"I...I'm..." She tried hard to tell him that she was okay, before finally realizing that she wasn't okay. "My foot...hurts," she whimpered. "Rox...as...I can't..." She swallowed hard. She thought that maybe she would be able to talk better if she just had some water. "Roxas...?"

"Come on, get up, Xion."

She honestly did try, but the attempt hurt so much that she started to cry, too. "It hurts...Roxas, it hurts..."

"Oh...ohhhh...um." He started to let go of her.

"Roxas?!"

"I'm gonna see if we can get out."

"Oh...okay..."

She lay on the dusty ground with pebbles digging into her that she couldn't roll off of, listening to her brother crawling around, pushing at the rocks that trapped them. "Can we get out?" she asked. Her voice was so scratchy that she could barely even understand herself.

"There's a little hole here. Hold on." She heard him grunt as he tried to force himself through the opening. His noises got farther away, until she could barely hear him anymore and fresh tears welled up in her eyes.

Then she heard him come back. He came closer and closer, accidentally crawling half over her in the pitch darkness. "There's light on the other side, I think we can get out that way. Come on, Xion."

"I...I can't move, Roxas."

He was silent for a while. "You can't come?"

"Can you...can you pull me?" She knew it would hurt a lot, but there was no way she would be able to crawl herself.

"Yeah, but not through the little tunnel. It's too small, I can't pull you."

For a long time, neither of them spoke as horrified realization dawned on them. Roxas might be able to escape, but Xion was trapped in here.

"What do I do?" Roxas finally wondered aloud.

Xion's eyes filled with more tears. "Go get help," she whispered.

"But if I leave, you'll be all alone."

"If you...stay here with me...both of us will...might...die." She felt him lay down and rest his head on her chest. "You have to go away, Roxas," she whispered.

"I feel really bad," he said.

"Me too. But it's okay. You have to." She hugged him.

He finally sat up again. "You have to still be okay when we come back, okay, Xion?"

"I'll try."

"I don't want to leave you here alone."

"I know."

"I'll go as fast as I can."

"Thank you."

"...If you get scared, sing, okay?"

"Okay. I will."

Roxas patted her. Then he sighed and crawled away. Xion tried not to cry, but it didn't work; then she tried to sing like she was supposed to, but her throat hurt and she couldn't do that, either. She curled up and thought hard about Roxas who she loved most in the whole entire world, and all the grown-ups who cared about them and helped them and would be worried about them if they knew what had happened, and all the strong dragons who could come save her if someone told them to.

'Roxas is telling them to,' she thought. _'Roxas is coming. He's bringing them to help. I have to be strong and wait for him so that I'll still be here when they come.'_

After a long time, hurting and miserable, she fell asleep.

o.o.o.o.o

Xion awakened suddenly. She had heard something-

There it was again, the sound of a dragon shooting. Toothless. It sounded like Toothless shooting, far away. If she listened very, very hard, she could hear people, too; it sounded like people were calling for her. "Here," she croaked, her voice so feeble that she knew they

couldn't hear it. "I'm here. I'm here."

There was rumbling and a sound of sliding rocks. More dragonfire and human shouting; finally, finally beams of light that hurt her eyes after so long in the darkness. Then she sensed something big and alive squirming into the cave to join her, Roxas's feet hitting the floor and running to her, his harsh silhouette looming over her as he grabbed for her and said urgently, "Xion? Xion? Are you alive?"

She could no longer speak, but she held onto him as hard as she could.

"Toothless! She's alive, come here, I need to push her onto your back."

She heard and felt the Night Fury come over and push his nose against her face; she tried to kiss him to tell him she was okay, so relieved to be rescued and so happy to see the dragon almost everyone in Berk loved. It hurt so much when Roxas pulled and pushed her onto the dragon's back, she couldn't help yelling and crying, but she still felt so relieved to not be alone anymore, to be safe again, and then the agile dragon and the small young human got her through the makeshift tunnel they'd dug and out into the light where the bigger humans and dragons waited anxiously.

"Xion!" Gemshard immediately leaped forward and scooped the girl into her arms. "Oh, Xion, Xion, are you all right? Oh, sweetie..."

"I'm okay," Xion tried to whisper. Then she stuffed her arm into her own mouth to muffle her scream as someone cut away her ruined boot to look at her leg that hurt so much. She could tell they tried to be careful, but it hurt to even touch her leg.

"Ooooh, this is bad," Fishlegs said sympathetically as he cradled her broken, bloodied ankle in his hands. "I'll see if I can splint this for now, but we're definitely gonna want Gothi to look at this..."

"Oh, man," Hiccup said in dismay, upset at seeing such a bad injury on a young child. "How are you doing, Xion?" he asked, gently brushing her dusty, sweaty bangs out of her face.

"I want...to go home," she managed to say, "and sleep...in my bed. I'm so...thirsty...and hungry..."

"Well, that we can do something about," Astrid said, handing the girl a flask of water and some travel rations. "Eat this for now, okay? We'll find you something better when we get back home."

The dragons who could get close enough were sniffing at the injured child, and Meatlug tenderly licked her cheek. Xion gave a weak smile and patted the Gronckle's face.

"Hurry," Roxas said. "Let's take Xion to Gothi so she'll get better."

Perhaps he thought that the village's elder would wave her staff over the injury and instantly heal it or something, but of course that was not how things worked. When Skyheart returned late that evening, it was to find the girl still resting miserably by the fire with her

ankle wrapped up, Roxas curled around her in an attempt to comfort her.

"Aaahhh, what happened?!" Skyheart exclaimed in dismay, striding over to crouch down beside his young wards.

"Rock slide trapped us in a cave," Xion explained sadly. Skyheart's partner sniffed at the injury and licked her hand in sympathy. "Hi, Silverdawn," she greeted, stroking the dragon's beautiful sleek scales.

"We need dragons," Roxas muttered. Still lying with his arms wrapped around his sister, he raised his head. "If it was you or Hiccup who'd gotten buried in a cave, your dragons would have saved you. But we don't have dragons, so it's not fair."

"You children are too young for dragons," Gemshard said firmly, coming over with a bowl of fresh water. "I know they are good creatures and part of our lives now, but they're still dangerous animals, Roxas. It wouldn't be responsible for us to try to partner either of you before you're ready."

"Gustav got his dragon when he was only a little bit older than me!" Roxas said indignantly. "He has a Monstrous Nightmare, the dangerousest dragon ever!"

"Gustav kind of went against the rules to keep Fanghook," Skyheart reminded him.

Roxas thought about this. "Oh." Satisfied, he settled back down and squeezed Xion to reassure her. He didn't really hear Skyheart continue ruefully, "I'm sure he'd still have all ten fingers if he'd been older and more experienced before he partnered with a Monstrous Nightmare..."

It was a long time before Xion was able to walk again. By then, everyone was so tired of Roxas pestering them about dragons that they now either cut him off before he could even start, or simply avoided him.

Undeterred, since Skyheart had already told him the secret, Roxas tried very hard to be patient, and bided his time until his sister was fully functional again. Then, because everyone - even unpartnered dragons - refused to take them to an island with cool wild dragons instead of boring ones, they sneaked onto Trader Johann's ship.

"...Is this really okay, Roxas?" Xion whispered as they huddled behind a pile of crates below deck and felt the boat starting to cast off.

"We have to find our dragons," Roxas said. "No one's gonna help us, so we have to do it all ourselves."

"...I think Gemshard will be mad when she finds out we're gone. And the chief, and...maybe even Hiccup, too..." This pained her, because she loved Hiccup. She didn't even want to think about the reaction of Skyheart, whom she loved even more. He wouldn't even get angry, he would just look at her with sad, worried eyes, or maybe he'd just be relieved and happy to see her and that would be even worse because

sneaking away like this was wrong wrong wrong and he should be mad at her... 'We'll be back before anyone even finds out we're gone!' Xion told herself frantically, unable to bear it. 'Skyheart won't even find out.'

It turned out that stowing away was pretty boring. Both of the children soon fell asleep, and when they woke up they were hungry, and soon they had to pee, and it was hot and boring and they were soooooo hungry and when Roxas finally stormed up on deck, he was so upset that he had apparently decided everything was Trader Johann's fault. "Hey! When are you gonna stop, huh?! Are you just gonna sail on forever until you fall off the edge of the world, huh?! You've got boxes and boxes and boxes of USELESS STUFF that NO ONE WANTS but your chickens don't have any eggs under them and MAYBE I'LL JUST BITE THE CHICKEN AND EAT IT LIKE A DRAGON, HUH?"

Johann stared at the boy. "How did you get on my ship, and what on earth are you talking about, lad?"

By then, it was far too late for Johann to turn around and sail all the way back to Berk, particularly when the children didn't want to return home yet. Figuring that dragon riders would come for them soon enough, he put together a meal for them and then rather enjoyed the fact that Roxas and Xion, now in better spirits, seemed happy to listen to his endless stories.

What he hadn't counted on was crossing paths with a ship from another island early the next morning. "Ohhh, now, this is going to be fun..." Johann murmured in dismay when he saw which tribe the ship belonged to. He anxiously herded the children below deck. "Now, listen, you two. Those are Outcasts out there, you understand? They were the next stop on my route anyway, but I thought you'd've been picked up by then, and surely I don't have to remind you that Outcasts don't get along well with you Hooligans at all!"

"Dirty spineless rotten cowards," Roxas said matter-of-factly, parroting back the sentiment he'd grown up with for the past several years.

Johann sighed. "The point is, you children are going to have to stay here, hidden. If you let the Outcasts know you're here, they'll, I don't know, probably kidnap you and hold you hostage or something."

Roxas and Xion looked at each other. "We can't let the smelly Outcasts see us," he said.

"They won't even know we're here," Xion agreed.

Relieved, Johann nodded at the children, covered them with a tarp, then put on a bright smile and went up to greet the men on the other ship. "Here, now, this is a pleasant surprise! I was just on my way to your island; thought you'd catch an early sight of the goods, eh?"

"Nah," a deep-voiced warrior chuckled in response, "we're actually out scouting for our next attack on Berk, but since you're here, we certainly wouldn't mind taking a look at your wares a bit early, would we, lads...!"

Johann let them look around at the goods he had on deck, and was pleased to get some decent business done. Though constantly worried about the Berkians he was hiding, he still enjoyed chatting with the Outcast men, exchanging some good stories and some barely-tolerable drink. All the same, it was a relief when he was finally able to bid them farewell and continue on his way. "Now to check on my little stowaways..."

After an hour of increasingly frantic searching, calling, and even a bit of praying, Johann was finally forced to admit that he was the only human being left on his entire ship.

o.o.o.o.o

Roxas and Xion were on the Outcast vessel, having sneaked aboard while the two ships were still close. "It really is smelly," Roxas complained from where they hid behind a pungent crate below deck.

"At least we're not hungry this time," Xion offered, indicating the food and water they'd thought to bring with them from Johann's ship.

"It's too smelly here to eat..."

Xion took a sip of water. "Maybe we won't have to stay for very long."

Stowing away on an Outcast ship, particularly one that was sneaking around in Berk's waters, was a much more harrowing experience than stowing away on the trading ship had been. However, the Outcasts were a much less intelligent bunch than Trader Johann, and the two children, small and resourceful, managed to remain undetected.

At long last, Roxas and Xion found themselves at their intended destination, the barren shores of Outcast Island.

"I need a bath," Roxas declared. "Let's go look for a stream or something."

"And then food," Xion added unhappily. "I'm hungry again, and we ate all of Trader's Johann's food." She looked sadly at the empty water flask in her hand.

The two children set out, of course knowing that they were in enemy territory and had to be careful, but also, as always, blissfully unaware of how many true perils they had come so close to avoiding, and how many more were yet to come.

o.o.o.o.o

A particular pair of dragons who were two halves of one whole usually enjoyed hunting together, but sometimes they took turns if necessary. Moon Dancer was the one out stalking prey now, as Flame Dancer took a nap behind a boulder and rested his not-quite-yet-healed leg.

The two wandering children of Berk had come across several wild dragons by now, but had rejected them all as being not cool or pretty or interesting enough. They were tired, and Xion suggested resting behind a certain boulder that was large enough to hide them from view

in case any Outcasts happened to pass by.

Of course it was the same boulder Flame Dancer was dozing by. The children gasped when they saw the Monstrous Nightmare - then Roxas's mouth stretched into a grin. "That's him. That's my dragon."

"He's very big," Xion said supportively. "He looks like Hookfang."

"Because he's a Monstrous Nightmare." The dragon's head and neck was a much brighter shade than Hookfang's, almost crimson, but the dragon was also streaked with black scales, particularly across its back and sides. Roxas walked right up to it and sat on its snout, both hands resting on the bridge of its nose. "Hey."

Flame Dancer started awake, roaring in alarm and anger at the smell of human filling his nose and the unexpected weight on his head and the eyes staring at him from right in front of his face. Roxas seized the closest large fang to steady himself, which happened to be one of the lower ones, which meant that he'd accidentally pinned the dragon's mouth shut.

"KILL!" Flame Dancer shrieked, shaking his head to dislodge the creature assaulting him. Roxas was nearly flung off, but managed to seize one of the dragon's horns just in time. It was still quite difficult to hold on, and Roxas yelled in surprise and displeasure.

"HEY, DRAGON! STAY STILL! I'M YOUR BOSS NOW!"

Flame Dancer tried to belch fire, but the little human thing was at a bad angle and the fire whooshed just under Roxas's boots. Xion was screaming now, too.

"Why is it so small?" Flame Dancer wondered in distracted confusion. A real human would have hurt him by now, or attempted to; and a real human hanging off his head like this would...loom more. This was... "It's a cub!" Flame Dancer finally realized in astonishment. He gave one last shake, and Roxas went tumbling painfully to the ground.

"Ow!" Roxas kicked at the Nightmare's wing/foreleg. "Stupid dragon." He pointed his finger sternly. "You have to listen to me! I'm your rider now, so you protect me."

"Sooooo small." Flame Dancer stared down at the human cub in amazement. Then he leaned to sniff at it, taking in its normal animal smells but noting an almost complete absence of fear, which was rather delightful. It was a very young human but not an infant, old enough to know its own mind but still needing a parent. "Are angry protective humans going to be descending on me soon for approaching their young?" he wondered warily, looking up to scan their surroundings. Yet the only human who was anywhere close was another cub, a female this time, slightly younger.

Intrigued despite himself, and despite what he knew his other half would be screaming at him by now if he was here, Flame Dancer went over to the female cub to read her scent. She was more frightened than her litter-mate, but not nearly as much as one would expect. Now she was reaching to put an itty-bitty tiny paw on Flame Dancer's

nose, and he realized he was in love. _'Cuuuuubs~'_

Flame Dancer _loved_ hatchlings and pups and kits and cubs and baby creatures of all kinds; he was always getting into trouble with Moon Dancer because of it. However, Flame Dancer had never, ever, _ever_ had a chance to smell and look at and play with human cubs before, so he swept both of the tiny humans into his wings and rapturously inhaled their adorable youngling scents. They were just like any other babies, he was pleased (and a little surprised) to find. Who could have guessed that even crazy, bloodthirsty monsters could start out cute and loveable?

"Hey! Dragon!" Roxas fought his way free of the embrace and stood before the Monstrous Nightmare with his shoulders thrown back, his head held high, and his hands on his hips. Xion seemed content to just keep sitting there and run her fingers admiringly over the dragon's smooth scales. "My name is Roxas. Snotlout says you have to show Monstrous Nightmares who's boss, so I'm your boss. And since you're my dragon now, the first step in bonding is to name you. I'm going to name you..." He thought for a while. The dragon watched him, curious and affectionate. "Fireball," Roxas decided. "You are a very cool dragon whose name is Fireball."

"I think you should call him Ruby Coaldust," Xion suggested.

"No. He's my dragon, so _I_ get to name him."

Xion sighed. "Okay."

Roxas cocked his head. "When we find your dragon, you can name him, okay?" he said generously.

"Okay. My dragon is going to be very beautiful, so I will give her a very beautiful name."

It was _adorable_ the way they kept cheeping at each other, as if they were talking in some sort of incomprehensible human baby language. Flame Dancer nuzzled the female who was still in his wingleg, carefully so as not to tear her soft soft soft skin with one of his fangs, then he stretched out his neck to lick the male's soft soft soft skin.

"Ew." Roxas scrubbed at the dragon spit on his face with his sleeve. "No licking; _bad_ Fireball. Come on, Xion, let's go find your dragon now."

The little humans started to wander away. Flame Dancer heaved himself all the way up and ambled after them, charmed by the sight of two humans behaving perfectly acceptable and even nonchalant in the presence of one of their sworn enemies. _'Why didn't we start collecting human babies sooner? We could train them to be people instead of monsters if we catch them young like this!'_

They walked for what felt like a long time to the two children, but the only other dragons they saw were some Terrible Terrors, whom Xion thought were cute, but one couldn't ride or really partner with the tiny dragons. Flame Dancer finally got bored and very carefully picked up the two humans, settling them at the base of his neck.

"Hey. I'm supposed to ride up there, not down here," Roxas objected, pointing to the Nightmare's horns.

Flame Dancer, not even realizing he was being addressed, took to the air. The children yelled and clung, Roxas to the dragon's neck and Xion to Roxas. It was the first time they had ever ridden a dragon by themselves, without an older human in control, and they soon went silent with amazement and joy as Flame Dancer cruised through the air, calling out inquiringly and listening for any response. Although he wanted his other half very, very much, he also cringed away from the idea, since he knew their eventual reunion would not go well. Instead, he wanted to put it off a little longer and share his find with others who would hopefully be more receptive to the idea of pet humans.

A small flock finally responded. Flame Dancer eagerly glided down and came to rest near the group, which was comprised mostly of Zipplebacks but also contained a few Gronckles and Terrors, as well as a Nadder.

"We greet you, Fireskin," they said warily.

"I greet you! I and my other half are solitary; He is away hunting now," Flame Dancer introduced himself in a rush. The children tumbled off his neck, and he nosed them affectionately. "Look! I found these, they are adorable and interesting! Share my happiness!"

"They are humans," several of the flock were exclaiming in dismay, but a few of the Terrors had already flown over to investigate, and a blue Zippleback warily approached.

"Do you like any of these?" Roxas asked his sister.

She studied them. "They're okay, but..." She gently tugged her boot away from the Terror that was biting it, and patted the nose of the Zippleback head that was sniffing at her. It jerked back in surprise, then lowered again to continue investigating her.

"Hey," Roxas said to the other head, trying to push it away, "I already have a dragon, so I don't need you. Don't put your nose in my chest like that, okay? Look, you almost tore my shirt with your big spiky teeth. Gemshard gets mad when we mess up our clothes. She said she'll make me mend my own clothes next time, but I don't want to sew because it's hard, it's really hard and I can't do it."

"They're not afraid at all," one of the Zippleback heads said amazement.

"Are they hatchlings?" wondered one of the Gronckles, coming over to join them.

"Yeeeeesssss," Flame Dancer exulted. "They are adorable and precious. I am trying to decide what to name them."

"You're going to name humans?!"

"How?!"

"Look, they have feelings!" Flame Dancer protested. _"Lots of them! Can't you smell it?"_

"Yes, but...are you sure they're human? They look human and smell human, but how can that be if they're people...?"

"Maybe they start out as people and then turn into monsters when they grow up," Flame Dancer hypothesized.

"Then we should kill them now before they grow up." The yellow Zippleback who had spoken began to emit gas. The children coughed.

"NO!" Flame Dancer practically threw himself over the humans to shield them with his wings. _"They're MINE! You're not allowed to hurt them!"_

The flock exchanged looks.

"I don't like it..."

"They are a little cute," one of the Gronckles grudgingly admitted, and the blue Zippleback acknowledged that neither of the small humans had tried to hurt any of them yet.

"Maybe they will not grow into monsters if you raise them properly," the Nadder suggested kindly.

"Yes," Flame Dancer insisted, _"that's what I'll do."_

Roxas and Xion soon tried to go look for more dragons, but every time they did, Flame Dancer or one of the other dragons would pull them back; and honestly, it was so fun playing with the flock that they kept forgetting to try to leave. When each of them hung onto a Zippleback head, they could pretend-fight, kicking their legs at each other as the Zippleback playfully snapped its/their fangs at each other. The children also tried to race while riding two of the Gronckles, who acted very lazy and only buzzed along very close to the ground, occasionally plopping down as if to rest and yawning; Roxas and Xion soon turned it into a "Whoever finishes first is the LOSER!" race.

Roxas eventually tried to teach Flame Dancer some commands, but he could never get the Nightmare to flame up when he ordered it to, and the dragon seemed to enjoy setting himself on fire when he wasn't supposed to. Xion thought the Nightmare might be teasing him, but Roxas insisted that Fireball wouldn't dare disobey his master and was probably just kind of stupid. "It's okay, Fireball," he told the dragon, patting Flame Dancer's neck, "the twins are kind of dumb, too, but they're still important dragon riders. You and me can still be really good fliers."

"I think he's talking to me," Flame Dancer squeed. _"Looooook, he's cheeping right at me, I think he's trying to tell me something! What is it, little cub? Are you hungry~? What do you want~? I love you~"_ He nuzzled the boy affectionately.

"Hey, stop it, Fireball, we're trying to work here!"

It was late afternoon when Moon Dancer finally found his other half.

There was a shrieking warning in the sky - the flock scattered, and Flame Dancer flung his wings over the children to protect them as a bolt of fire came blasting toward them. _"STOP!"_ he screeched.

_ "MOVE, HALF OF ME!"_ Moon Dancer roared.

_ "THEY'RE MINE! I'M PROTECTING THEM! DON'T HURT THEM!"_

Moon Dancer landed in a shower of dust and rock fragments, hissing incredulously at the Nightmare. _"Is your head completely empty?! Those are _humans!"_

_ "I _know_! It's okay! They are mine, they are good, don't hurt them!"_

Moon Dancer's stance was _screaming_ panic and confusion and anger. _"GET AWAY FROM THEM SO I CAN BLAST THEM DEAD."_

_ "NO."_

_ "Why?! WHY?!"_

Flame Dancer ducked his head and opened his wings just enough to lick the two confused, slightly frightened cubs and cover them with his scent. _"I claim them. I like them and I want them, so please don't hurt them or you'll hurt _me!"_

Moon Dancer paced back and forth, screaming his frustration and confusion and hurt. His other half crouched down in anxious, apologetic sympathy, but continued to shield the two little humans. The few dragons left from the flock were now retreating, not wanting to get caught in a fight between two halves.

Roxas was struggling to get free, hot and uncomfortable and annoyed that his dragon was disobeying him again. Xion was peering out at Moon Dancer in awe from beneath the edge of Flame Dancer's wing. "Loook, Roxas," she whispered, breathless.

The other dragon was a breed she had never seen before, almost entirely blue, with X-shaped scars standing out on its face and another, only slightly less noticeable scar on its flank in the shape of a crescent. Like a Night Fury, it had teeth rather than fangs, and four legs distinct from its wings, unlike Monstrous Nightmares whose wings additionally served as their forelegs. Also like a Night Fury, it had head plates instead of horns, though while a Fury's were shaped almost like dog ears, this dragon's plates were narrower, longer, and more numerous, falling down the back of its neck almost like a mane. It had a long tail with cross-shaped fins. It was beautiful.

"That's her," Xion whispered in awe. "That's my dragon."

"Oh." Roxas studied the pacing, roaring dragon, and nodded in approval. "Okay. You can go train it now."

"Okay." Xion tried to crawl out from under the Nightmare's wing, but Flame Dancer hastily scooped her back to safety. "Ah! Fireball, let go," she protested, "I have to go train my dragon!"

_ "They're not _pups_ or _kits_!"_ Moon Dancer raged. _ "They're nothing like Your usual strays! They're _monsters_, Stupid-"_

_ "Not these two!"_

_ "-if You allow them to reach maturity they'll destroy _everything You love_; they'll kill _me_, is that what You want? You want to see me dying on a human's blade?"_

_ "STOP HURTING ME!"_ Flame Dancer bellowed. Moon Dancer's head lowered in response to his other half's pain, but otherwise, he still stubbornly held his ground.

Xion managed to get free again, crawling cautiously toward the blue dragon. Moon Dancer noticed her approach, and his already slitted eyes narrowed even more.

_ "Don't hurt her,"_ Flame Dancer pleaded.

_ "...Throw them away,"_ the other dragon growled, grudgingly acquiescing, but still refusing to back down on the root issue. _ "Drop them near the closest human nest and never think about them again."_

Flame Dancer rolled onto his side and howled his unhappiness, torn between loyalty to his other half and love for what he realized had become his newest precious things.

"Easy now, pretty girl," Xion crooned. "Sssshhh, it's okay, I'm not gonna hurt you..." She reached up toward Moon Dancer's nose. He snorted in disgust and stepped away from her. "Awww, come on now, sweetie, it's okay! It's okay, here, look. My name is Xion, I just want to be friends!"

"Try feeding it dragon nip," Roxas suggested.

"Um...I don't have any."

"Oh."

_ "Keep Your revolting little stray away from me!"_ Moon Dancer snarled, backing away again as Xion kept trying to touch him.

_ "Awwwww, Moon Dancer, she likes You!"_ Flame Dancer cooed. _ "Looooook, she wants to be friends!"_

_ "GET IT AWAY FROM ME!"_ The display turned comical as Moon Dancer started _dodging_ and finally running away, and Xion chased after him. Flame Dancer chortled his amusement at the sight of the comparatively huge, fire-breathing, powerful beast fleeing from a tiny, unarmed little cub.

"Roxaaaaaas!" Xion called in frustration.

"You want me to help you?"

"Yes!"

Roxas pushed aside Flame Dancer's wings and ran to cut off Moon

Dancer's retreat. The children finally managed to corral the dragon between them. The outraged Moon Dancer reared up on his hind legs and roared, "_GET THE VERMIN AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I _ROAST THEM_"_

Flame Dancer reluctantly heaved himself up to obey. "_I'm so sorry, babies,"_ he said, picking up the children and tossing them onto his back. "_Half Of Me doesn't want to play anymore."_

"_That wasn't _playing_, "_ Moon Dancer snarled.

"Fireball, let us down!" Roxas protested. "We didn't finish training Xion's dragon!"

"Moonwolf Crescent," Xion supplied.

"Huh?"

"That's her name," Xion explained. "Because she is beautiful like a wolf, and she has a little moon on her butt."

"Oh." Roxas squinted at the crescent-shaped scar. "I guess it kind of does look like a moon."

"_What are You going to do with them?"_ Moon Dancer was snarling in that icy way of his. "_Carry them around everywhere, starve Yourself to feed them, kill them when they finally get dangerous enough to prove to You that You're making a very big mistake?"_

"_They won't get dangerous if I raise them right..."_

"_You don't know that! Why would You say that if there's no way to know?!"_

The children had climbed down from Flame Dancer by this time. He lowered his head to lick them again. "_Can't I at least try?"_ he asked sadly.

Just then, there were roars from the sky to announce the approach of foreign dragons. Flame Dancer tucked the children under his wings and growled; Moon Dancer, already upset, roared back. "_I'M ANGRY ENOUGH TO KILL YOU IF YOU PROVOKE ME!"_

"_We have business with you!"_ one of the flying dragons roared back.

Flame Dancer stared in surprise - first because he had no idea what interest these strangers could possibly have in them, and then because both of the foreigners were _carrying humans on their backs_.

"Roxas!" Skyheart cried, "Xion! Is that you down there?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Xion cried in excitement, her voice muffled beneath Flame Dancer's wings.

"We found our dragons~!" Roxas crowed.

"_HUMANS!"_ Moon Dancer screamed. At his limit, he fired into the sky.

Silverdawn gracefully evaded the attack as Skyheart yelled in alarm; Toothless bellowed a warning down at the blue dragon.

"Half Of Me, wait-"_ Flame Dancer started to say.

"STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY OR I'LL BLAST YOU DEAD!" Moon Dancer raged.

"Just hold on, guys!" Hiccup called desperately. "Come on, bud, let's see if we can lure him away from the kids..."

Unfortunately for him, Moon Dancer had no intention of leaving his other half's side. He flung his wings open to shield the Nightmare and to intimidate the foreigners, and simply fixed his attention on Skyheart and Silverdawn when Hiccup and Toothless moved farther away.

"I think he's gonna fire again-" Skyheart said nervously, and ducked his face down against his dragon's scales as Silverdawn dodged another attack.

"STOP SHOOTING," Silverdawn thundered. _"You are making me angry."_ After more than three years of being part of a flock whose queen was so reluctant to do violence, he had forgotten that wild dragons had no such qualms about acting on their instincts.

"STAY AWAY FROM MY OTHER HALF."

"Stop attacking OUR other halves!" Toothless roared, soaring back to join his companions when it became obvious that Moon Dancer had no interest in chasing him.

This threw both Moon Dancer and Flame Dancer into confusion, because if the nightwing and the silverhide were not halves of each other, who in the world were they talking about?

"Stay out of his range," Hiccup called to Skyheart.

"Yeah, I know."

"The Nightmare looks less hostile... Roxas! Xion! Are you guys hurt?"

"We're fine!"

"Hicuuuuup, my dragon's really mad and I don't know why... What do I do?"

Toothless and Silverdawn came to land a wary distance from the growling Moon Dancer. Hiccup quickly dismounted but held out his arm to indicate that Skyheart should stay back. The younger Viking looked unhappily between Hiccup and the children.

"They want the human cubs," Toothless explained.

"What?! NO!" Flame Dancer cried, hugging the children close again and growling.

"Easy now, big guy," Hiccup murmured, approaching very slowly.

"They belong to US!" Silverdawn cried in outrage. _"They are in our flock, they are in my _aerie_! You must give them back!"_

"I am soooooo confused," Flame Dancer wailed. He could now pick up the scents of both the older humans and both the foreign dragons mixed into the scents of his new precious things, but it made _absolutely no sense_ that HUMANS could be part of a dragon flock, that humans could live and eat and sleep in the same aerie as a dragon! Yet if it was somehow, impossibly true, if these foreigners truly did have a claim on the two little cubs... _"My heart huuuuuurts."_ Flame Dancer lay down in utter dejection.

The sight of his suffering other half drove Moon Dancer back into a rage; he leaped for Silverdawn's throat. The sleek dragon had the presence of mind to fling Skyheart from his back just in time, so that the human wasn't hurt nearly as much when the two dragons fought.

Torn, Hiccup exchanged a distressed look with Skyheart. "Toothless," he finally decided, gesturing at the fighters, "go help."

_"Silverhide can take care of himself, _You're_ the one going to get Yourself killed being _way too nice_ why do You _always do this to me..."_ Toothless grumbled, but the Monstrous Nightmare was being so unthreatening that he reluctantly decided to obey. The Night Fury turned and leaped into the fray, screaming furiously, _"STOP ATTACKING MY FLOCKMATE SO I CAN GO MAKE SURE MY STUPID OTHER HALF DOESN'T TRY TO GET HIMSELF KILLED AGAIN, STUPID MOONGAZER, I HATE STUPID FOREIGNERS LIKE YOU WHO WON'T USE YOUR _PERFECTLY GOOD_ NOSE AND EYES..."_

Turning on his back on the savage battle, Hiccup took a deep breath and closed the remaining distance between himself and the wild Nightmare. It lay on the ground, gazing up at him with tragic eyes. The pupils were already dilated, which was a good sign, so he smiled a little and knelt to rest his hand on the dragon's nose, letting it read his scent. "Hey there," he said softly. "You like these kiddos, huh?"

"That nightwing loves you," Flame Dancer realized incredulously. The scrawny human, fully grown yet no more a monster than the cubs, had the Night Fury's scent strongly woven into his own, and there was adoration in there. _"I am so - very - confused."_

"He's my dragon," Roxas said proudly. He draped his arms around Flame Dancer's neck to hug him. "His name is Fireball. He's really cool, right?"

"Roxas...you can't just grab a Monstrous Nightmare out of the wild!"

Roxas was outraged. _"Yes_, I can! Look, I did! So did _Gustav_. Skyheart said that you can get a dragon if you're little as long as you break the rules, and I broke the rules, so there! Fireball's mine."

Hiccup and Skyheart stared. The only reason Hiccup hadn't already launched into a lecture was because of how amazingly docile the

Nightmare was acting, which would rather undercut anything he tried to say about how dangerous wild dragons were. "Look-"

"HELP, HALF OF ME," Moon Dancer screamed as Toothless and Silverdawn finally managed to subdue him.

Flame Dancer jumped up and rushed at the foreign dragons in defense of his other half. "I WON'T LET YOU KILL HIM."

"Stay," Toothless told Silverdawn, and leaped to intercept the Nightmare. "Queen doesn't want him dead, Stupid! STOP ATTACKING!"

Flame Dancer belched fire at the Night Fury, who dove out of the way. The Nightmare noted in the back of his mind that there was something strange about the black dragon's tail - one of the fins was the wrong color, and the Fury seemed to stumble slightly as if he couldn't get airborne.

Toothless rushed him again, then screamed in frustration and worry when Hiccup dodged between the two dragons. "Toothless, stop! Hey, hey, big guy, it's okay, you don't have to get upset!"

"Why do You always, ALWAYS DO THIS TO ME?!" Toothless raged. Unable to attack, he crouched right behind his human partner instead, ready to shield him or snatch him to safety if the Nightmare attacked again.

"This human is the strangest human I have ever seen," Flame Dancer remarked in distressed confusion, then turned his attention back Moon Dancer, who was struggling against Silverdawn's hold on him.

The blue dragon finally broke free and struck with his teeth; Silverdawn leaped clear and snarled. Moon Dancer reared back on his hind legs and roared, flapping his wings mightily; he was about to shoot again - when Xion rushed up between him and the others. "No! Moonwolf Crescent, stop! You have to be good, okay?!"

"Xion!" Hiccup instinctively dove to wrap the child in his arms; Toothless just as instinctively dove to fling his wings protectively over his other half. Moon Dancer, knowing how angry his own other half would be if he damaged one of the Nightmare's precious things, stumbled and dropped back to all four paws, disoriented by his suddenly torn priorities. Silverdawn stepped up beside his flockmates, snarling in warning.

Flame Dancer pushed between them, growling softly, protecting the foreign flock with his presence at the same time he tried to calm his other half. "Back down, Moon Dancer. I don't think they're a threat."

"HUMANS," Moon Dancer managed to say, the strength of his emotions clogging his voice and screaming from his stance and permeating his scent.

"I love You," Flame Dancer tried, and stepped forward to nuzzle him, which also pushed him farther away from the agitated foreigners. "They don't matter, nothing else matters, just me and You..."

Moon Dancer, giving in to the reassurance, let himself be backed

away. He tried to protest that other things did matter because they were in danger, but now the foreigners were no longer threatening or provoking, and he was _so - very - confused_. The four humans were simply looking at him. The two dragons were doing nothing more than guarding the humans.

It was so _strange_, the protection all six of them were displaying for each other, as if they really were all in the same flock; the invisible bonds he could now sense between them, bonds of...of love, bonds of...scent? The scents, undeniable yet unthinkable, made no sense to him, so he shrank away from them. He wanted nothing more than to _fly away_, but his stupid other half had apparently lost all sense of self-preservation.

"Just calm down and sit here," Flame Dancer ordered. _"I'll go talk to them so You won't be scared."_

"DON'T SAY I'M FRIGHTENED," Moon Dancer roared. He wanted to deny it completely, but was annoyed to find that it was true. He _wouldn't_ be afraid if he could simply blast the invaders into oblivion, but being denied that sensible course of action...fine, he was frightened. Of course he was frightened; he was in danger, his other half was in danger, everything was wrong wrong wrong but he _couldn't_ get away from it_...

"You are a very strange flock," Flame Dancer told the foreigners.

"I know," Toothless said in resignation. _"I don't understand it, either. But somehow it works."_ He added proudly, _"We have a very good queen."_

"There, see?" Hiccup said, cautiously getting back to his feet and handing Xion over to Skyheart. "No one has to get hurt here, right?" He reached out to lay his hand on Flame Dancer's face again. The Nightmare closed his eyes under the human's gentle touch, though Moon Dancer growled.

"He's not going to hurt your other half," Toothless said in annoyance. _"He _always_ does that to foreign dragons. I think that's how He reads their scent or something."_

"He's really cool, right?" Roxas said proudly.

"You're pretty mellow for a Nightmare," Hiccup remarked, patting Flame Dancer's face.

Flame Dancer inhaled, sifting through the human's scents more carefully now that he finally had a chance to do so at his leisure. Some of them made absolutely no sense - such as the fact that dragons had expressed obeisance to him recently, and had been doing so for long enough that it was part of his personal scent now. _"This_ is your queen?"_ Flame Dancer realized in astonishment. _"A little male _human_? Your flock's QUEEN?"_

_"He's _very much_ better than our old queen was,"_ Toothless huffed. _"SHE was a monster even though She was a dragon. HE is more better than Her like...like...like flying is better than being grounded."_

_ "Confused,"_ Flame Dancer muttered, flopping down on the ground dismissively.

"Roxas," Hiccup was saying, "just because he's an easygoing Nightmare doesn't mean either of you are ready to be partnered."

"But we _already_ partnered! I trained him! Look, he can do tricks. Fireball! Fire it up!"

_ "I think you are consort,"_ Flame Dancer said to Toothless, which, impossible though it was, was the only explanation that matched the scents.

_ "I am a very, very good consort,"_ Toothless confirmed haughtily.

"Come on, Fireball! _Burn_!"

Flame Dancer rolled his eyes toward the boy and obligingly lit his own hide on fire. Roxas crossed his arms proudly.

_ "This human here is my other half,"_ Silverdawn introduced himself. _ "We share our aerie with His dam and her dragon friend and with those two cubs. Half Of Me and Queen have been very worried about them, so we came to retrieve them."_

Flame Dancer whined softly, deeply unhappy at the prospect of having to give up his precious things.

"Well, getting him to obey a fun command and successfully riding him are two different things."

"I _did_ ride him!"

_ "If you're solitary, I think our humans will want you to join our flock,"_ Toothless warned. _ "Especially if the cubs are trying to claim you."_

Flame Dancer brightened. _ "They're trying to claim me?"_ Behind him, Moon Dancer growled jealously.

"Roxas, we've been doing this for _four years_. You have to trust that we know what we're doing."

_ "What's it like to have a human other half?"_ Flame Dancer asked, intensely curious. Such a concept seemed ridiculous, but he could see from the way the Night Fury kept a protective eye on his human at all times, and from the way the other human kept a foreleg draped affectionately over the Silver Phantom's neck, that it was somehow _possible_. It wasn't just the two children; there were _other humans_, older ones, who weren't monsters - apparently a whole flock full of them! Humans capable of such love that they could form unbreakable bonds with dragons who were devoted to them and would do anything for them. It seemed too good to be true.

_ "The same as having a dragon half. Except they're stupid and can barely talk, and other times they're _too_ smart and change everything except it usually still works but it works _better_ somehow - sometimes - and it's scary until you get used to it, and a lot of times they don't make any sense at all so you have to trust

them more than if they were dragons, and they hurt more because they don't _know_ anything but they're very interesting and fun and confusing and especially _especially_ Half Of Me whyyyyyyyyy does He always get in danger and I always save Him and someday I think He will kill me from making me worry so much..."_ Toothless's mix of exasperation and affection was clear as his head plates twitched up and down and he nosed at and licked Hiccup, who absently nudged him away and then scratched at the dragon's sweet spots as he continued to try to dissuade Roxas.

"You're almost old enough to start at the Academy - you're _not_ ready for an actual partner, but you can start studying with us and learning-"

"But he's mine! He's _mine_!" Nearly crying now, Roxas flung himself on Flame Dancer's neck. "You wouldn't choose anyone else, right, Fireball?! Tell Hiccup that we can be together!"

"Why does he have to word it like that...?" Hiccup muttered, his resolve starting to crumble despite himself.

"We can at least bring the dragon back with us, right?" Skyheart suggested. "Then when Roxas _is_ ready, Fireball will already be on Berk waiting for him, too."

"Look at my Precious Thing, he is so cute," Flame Dancer crooned, nuzzling him. Toothless and Silverdawn glanced between the Nightmare and his other half, who clearly wanted nothing to do with the human children.

"The bonds are tangled up...this will be difficult to fix," Silverdawn remarked.

"This is one thing humans are good at," Toothless said. _"We'll leave it up to them."_

"Yes." Silverdawn lay down beside Skyheart to wait patiently.

Hiccup had been considering. "All right - how about this, Roxas. Fireball here is a wild dragon who lives on Outcast Island. Show us that you can get him to fly after you - you're _not_ going to be riding him, you're going to be with me or Skyheart - but if he follows you home and stays on Berk, then you can partner with him _when you pass the freshman exam_."

"Me too?" Xion asked eagerly. "Me and Moonwolf Crescent?" She pointed.

The older humans looked at the hostile blue dragon in dismay. "Xion...you can't possibly mean-?"

"Fireball is Roxas's dragon, and Moonwolf Crescent is _my_ dragon. She is very beautiful, so I thought of a beautiful name for her."

"...And did you manage to ride her, too?" Hiccup said doubtfully.

Xion's face fell. "Um...not yet. But I will! Hey, Moonwolf Crescent."

Xion started to walk up to the blue dragon. Moon Dancer growled, so Flame Dancer prudently picked up the girl and dropped her back down beside her litter-mate.

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair uncomfortably. "Xion," Skyheart said, "look, even Fireball thinks it's not safe for you to get too close to Moonwolf Crescent."

"Moonwolf," Xion pleaded, "I'm your _friend_! I promise I'll be very nice and I'll never hurt you!"

"She will claim you if you let her," Silverdawn explained to Moon Dancer. _"Why don't you want her? She's very gentle, especially for a cub."_

"Humans," Moon Dancer spat. _"I only haven't killed her yet because Half Of Me won't let me."_

"Our humans are different," Toothless growled. _"They - are - different. It's TRUE. Look."_ He bit Hiccup carefully but firmly through his leather armor.

"Ow!" Hiccup yelped. "Hey, knock it off, Toothless."

Flame Dancer stared admiringly as the human responded to the provocation with nothing more than a friendly shove. _"Looooook, Half Of Me...it _has_ to be true-"_

"They're MONSTERS! I HATE them!" Moon Dancer roared out a long ago grief, an all too familiar story of senseless bloodshed and cruelty and loneliness and pain.

"I know," Silverdawn said in sympathy. _"For many of us, too. But our flock is..."_ He couldn't explain it, the concept was too human.

"There is healing in our nest," Toothless articulated. _"Very much old pain but very much new happiness to soothe it. Our queen is very good."_

"I don't see, I don't hear, I don't acknowledge," Moon Dancer growled, refusing to believe them. Flame Dancer whined again, his loyalties even more torn.

Xion was crying in Skyheart's arms by now. Holding her, he conferred with Hiccup for a moment, then mounted Silverdawn and settled Xion in front of him. Hiccup helped Roxas onto Toothless and then climbed onto the saddle himself, unfurling the Night Fury's prosthetic fin.

"Come on, Fireball!" Roxas called anxiously to the Nightmare.

"They are taking my Precious Things awaaaaaaaay," Flame Dancer mourned. Moon Dancer hunched down low in response to his other half's grief, but remained silent.

The strange strange strange foreign flockmates rose into the air together. Flame Dancer keened after them for a minute, then abruptly went silent when he saw his other half take to the air as well.

_ "We must find their nest,"_ the blue dragon growled, _ "so that we'll know where it is and can avoid it."_

Flame Dancer knew his other half well enough to recognize a compromise. Crowing with joy, he leaped into the air.

"Good job, Fireball!" Roxas cried in relief. "That's it, come on, keep up, okay?"

Moon Dancer fell back almost as soon as Flame Dancer was airborne, and seemed to lag more and more as they traveled. The Nightmare, knowing that this was as good as he was going to get, followed happily after the Berkians while reserving some of his attention to keep track of his other half.

_ "I don't like it,"_ Moon Dancer grumbled, _ "this is a very bad plan, my other half is stupid and selfish, I wish wish wish we were doing anything but this..."_

_ "I love You~"_ Flame Dancer sang, _ "I love my Precious Things~ I love everything right now~"_

_ "Why is it always strange dragons we acquire?"_ Toothless complained.

_ "Because we have a very strange flock. Only strange dragons like it enough to stay,"_ Silverdawn reasoned.

_ "That is true."_

_ To be continued..._

Author's Notes: And R. girl finally gets around to merging her two favorite fandoms...

There are some references to the HTTYD TV series, such as the characters of Gustav and Trader Johann who have not appeared in the movies.

RIGHT when I started writing this story and decided that Riku was going to be a silver dragon, I finally got How to Seize a Dragon's Jewel from the library, which happens to have a Silver Phantom in it. XD So I took that name for Riku's breed. I don't imagine him to be exactly like Silver Phantoms are described in the books; it's more like how the dragon breeds in the DreamWorks version are adapted from their counterparts in the book series.

I didn't intentionally mean to use the "dragon queen" headcanon for this (or for His Soul Reflects My Own), but...it just makes sense. XD I also know how I'm going to tie that headcanon in with actual HTTYD2 canon, though I still need to write that scene out.

I thought that Hiccup was rather hypocritical in "The Flight Stuff"...Gustav was right; the whole point of having a Dragon Academy is to train Vikings to partner with dragons, right?! Hiccup's attitude in that episode didn't make much sense to me, but...it was kind of useful to use in this fic, so... ^^;

I'm still completely obsessed with HTTYD so that I can't even write a Kingdom Hearts fic, even for my OT4, without it being a crossover, so

my HiccTooth OTP feels sometimes detract from my OT4 feels. Then I was working and working and working on this fic, trying to finish it in time, getting depressed because it was taking too long...finally I checked the word count and realized that I'd already gone over 10,000 words (my limit for a one-shot) and I still have at least half the rest of the story left to write, so it turns out I'll have to break it up into a multi-chapter. Which is good because at least I can post the first part on AkuSaiRokuShi Day, yay; but it's also potentially bad because my track record with multi-chapters has been _terrible_ in the last few years. D: I'm really worried that this'll end up like _Stepsiblings: Eighty-seven_ did, which was also an overgrown one-shot and is still unfinished. ;_; I've been temporarily neglecting my original stories so that I can work on this (and on my stuff for AkuSai Day and 8.13.14), so I'll continue working on this story and see if I can finish it in the next week or two; but if I can't, I don't know when I'll be able to finish, since my original stories and real life really do need to come first. ;;

Also, I can see a lot of OCD showing in this fic, both here and what I managed to get written of the next chapter. *sweatdrop* Hopefully it's not noticeable for fanfiction, but I'm gonna really have to cut back on the over-thoroughness when it comes to my original stories...

I also can't tell how confusing it is. _I_ can follow it pretty well because I'm the author and am most familiar with my own headcanon, but all the name changes and inaccurate pronouns are probably confusing for some readers, especially people who haven't read all my other HTTYD and KH fanfiction; I'm sorryyyyyyy... D:

End
file.